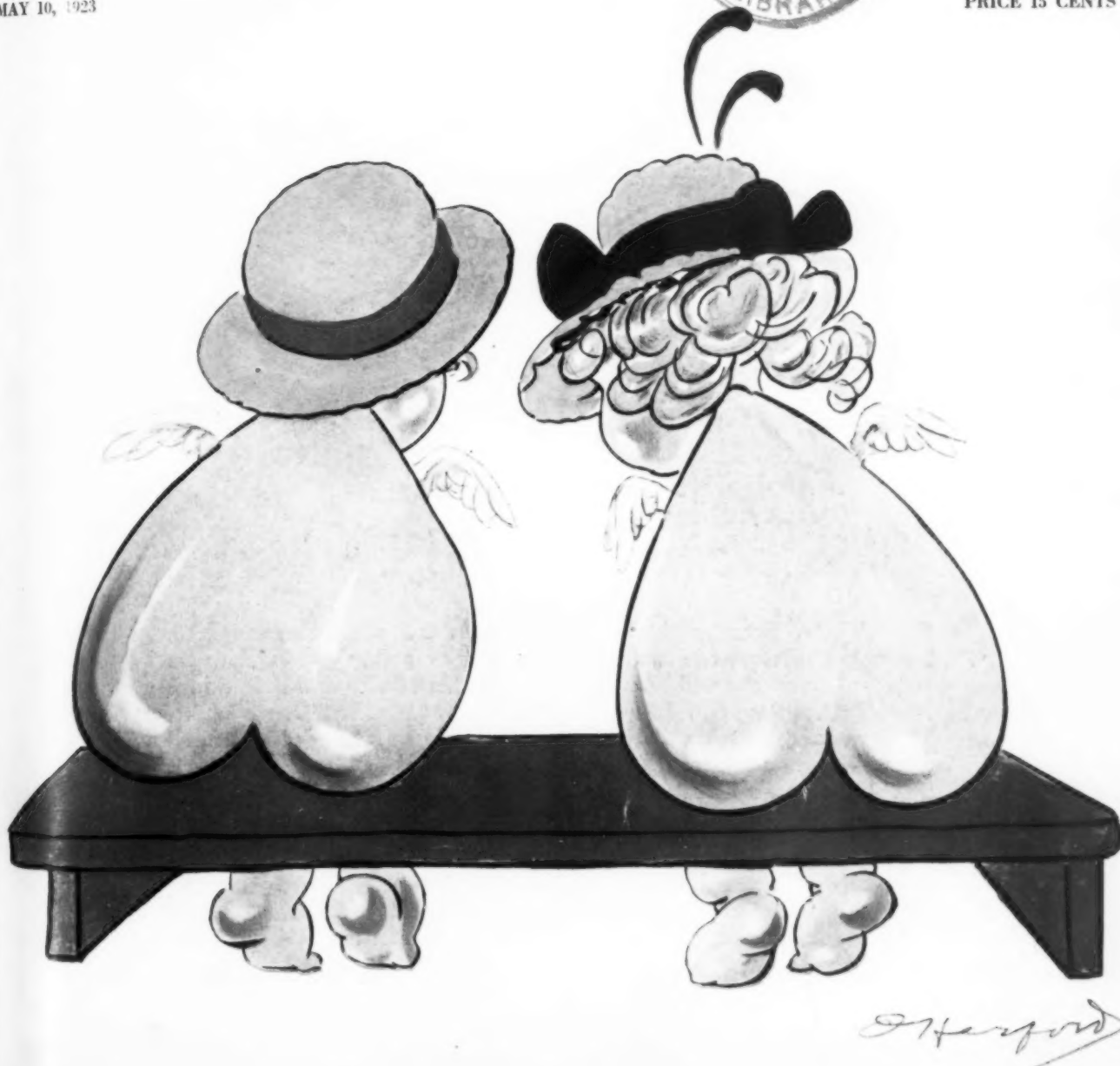


# Lovers' Number Life

MAY 10, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



*A Heart to Heart Talk*

# MICHELIN

## "Ring-Shaped Tubes"



EACH of the tubes here shown was made by cementing together half a Michelin Tube and half a tube of some other well known make. The composite tubes were then run to destruction. The Michelin sections retained their life and strength when all the other sections had blown out.

## Millions can be saved in this way

**M**ANY motorists think it is necessary to discard the inner tube with every tire that wears out. This is true in the case of many tubes. But a good tube will outlast a number of tires and thus save its cost several times over.

Moreover, motorists sometimes buy inner tubes carelessly because they mistakenly think that the life of the tire itself is not affected by the tube. But as a matter of fact ordinary tubes cut many miles from the life of even

the first tire in which they are placed. They grow porous and brittle; then they either develop slow leaks (which are likely to mean injurious under-inflation) or they split (with the result that the tire either blows out or else is liable to injury through running flat).

For tube and tire economy it pays to use the best tubes—Michelins. Millions of dollars are being saved by motorists who use them. Millions more could be saved if other motorists would do likewise.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.  
Branches in 30 cities Dealers everywhere



COMFORT has been raised to a fine art by intensive study in certain great hotels and exclusive clubs. Where luxurious beds are demanded, *The Purple Label* mattress is used.

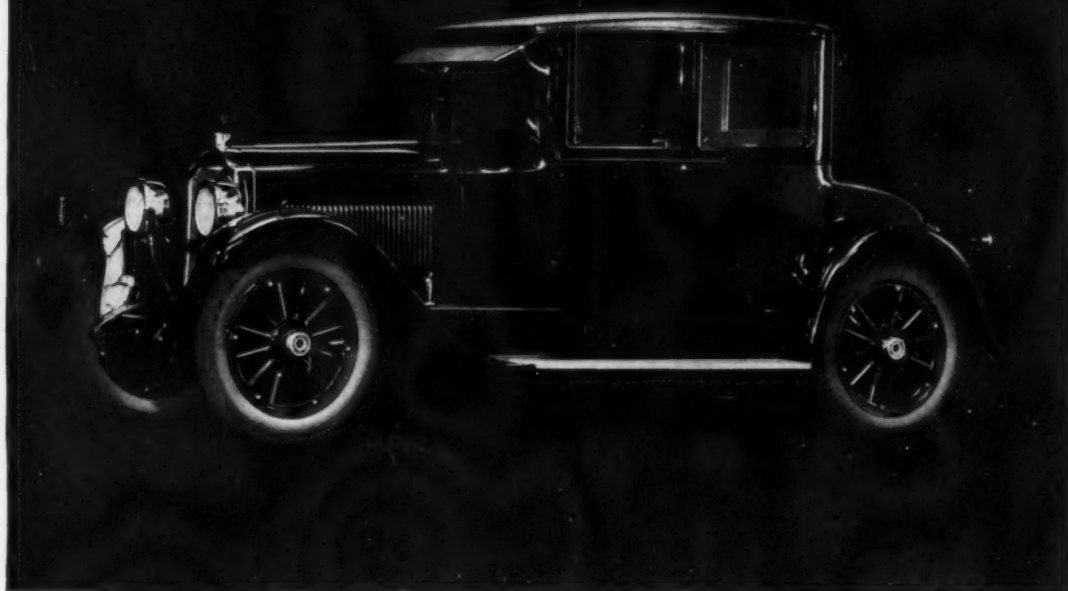
In every case, too, its super-comfort is coupled with actual dollar economy. *The Purple Labels* in the Chicago Athletic Club and the Congress Hotel, Chicago, for instance, have been in constant service now for seventeen years without need of renovation.

Meeting such difficult requirements triumphantly, *The Purple Label* will prove its economy and cradling luxury even more easily in your home.

Until you have slept on a *Purple Label* mattress, you cannot appreciate how much deep, unbroken rest will add to your energy, your personal force, your zest in living. See it at your dealer's or write for "Restful Bedrooms" to Simmons Company, 1347 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

S I M M O N S  
Mattresses · Springs · Beds  
BUILT FOR SLEEP

# PACKARD



A S K     T H E     M A N     W H O     O W N S     O N E

Nearly three years' production of the Packard Single-Six has now gone into the hands of the owner.

It seems fitting in this connection, to recall the expectation aroused in the earliest of our Single-Six announcements, and inquire into its fulfillment.

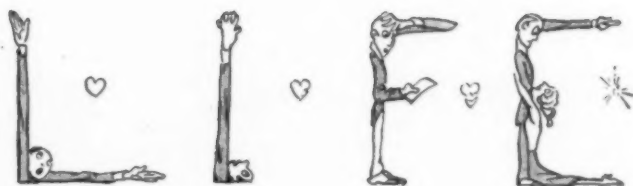
We promised, in short, that the Single-Six would conform to the best traditions of

fine car manufacture, and unite to that fineness a moderateness of first and after cost, without previous precedent.

The steadfast maintenance of a sales demand without parallel in Packard history, and the insistent demand by distributors for more cars than Packard is able to supply, the car's splendid behavior and marked economy—all these justify the confidence expressed three years ago.

Single-Six Touring Car, Five-Passenger, \$2485  
at Detroit





### On Finding an Old Love Letter

**W**HAT rapturous, romantic days  
These nervous, glowing lines recall,  
When we, with ecstasy ablaze,  
Were to each other all in all!

My very presence in a room  
Could banish from the atmosphere  
For you all elements of gloom;  
Yours did the same for me, old dear,

And if I spent a day or two  
As far away from home as Rye,  
You wrote like this to say that you  
Were desolate enough to die.

Frequently, too, you used to say:  
"If fate should ever break our pact  
And we should meet some future day,  
I wonder how we both would act?"

Last Wednesday at the Vandermore  
When I was meeting Bob for tea,  
I saw you down a corridor  
And you, I'm pretty sure, saw me.

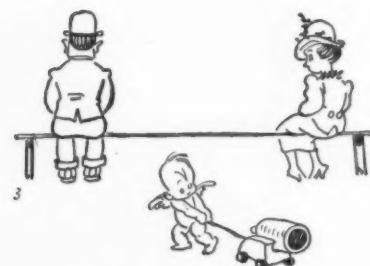
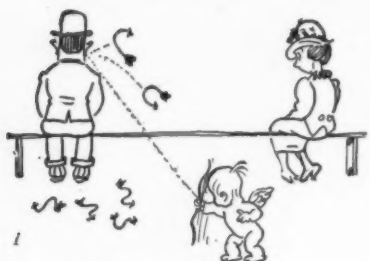
Well, both of us, to tell the truth,  
Were resolute, if not quite calm:  
You dodged into the nearest booth,  
And I behind a potted palm.

*Baird Leonard.*



"I'll give you a penny for a kiss, Elizabeth."  
"No, thank you! I can earn more takin' cod-liver oil."

## Cupid's Busy Day



## A False Fashion Note

**I**S there a lawyer in the audience? If so, I want him to do something about the man who writes the style notes in the theatre programs.

Last week I took the Little Woman to the theatre. The show was one of the leading musical comedies in town. Consequently I had plenty of spare time except when the chorus was on. So I busied myself reading the men's wear column.

"The plain black tie," began the first paragraph, is being replaced by the self-figured bat-wing, for evening wear with the dinner coat. A wing collar is also worn." Nervously my hand stole to my neck; it was surrounded by a turn-down collar, and a tie not self- or otherwise figured. Hastily I removed them.

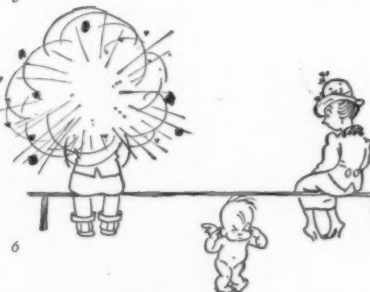
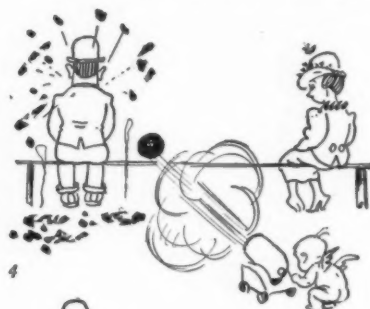
"The new English dress shirts show only a single stud, the bosom being fuller than usual," suggested the text before me. Again I inspected myself. Not one, but three studs glared up at me from a bosom less full than usual. The shirt gave

me a little trouble but by some neat squirming I succeeded in getting out from under it.

Then, just as I was about to negotiate the black waistcoat's return, my eye caught the words "white vest." Yes, there it was! "A white vest is now the only *de rigueur* accompaniment of the perfectly groomed gentleman's evening attire."

Fortunately I had eaten a light dinner . . . one of the buttons stuck in my throat for a moment.

By this time I was thoroughly



alarmed. Was there any redeeming feature in my get-up? Feverishly I took a final glance at the program. "Evening trousers," I read with fast-dimming eyes, "are no longer seen with wide braid. The well-turned-out man about town will allow himself only a narrow braid, if any."

I had almost succeeded in getting rid of my wide-braided breeches when three ushers reached me. I was instantly turned out better than any other man about town that night.

Have I legal grounds for a suit? I need a new one, but it must be of the latest fashionable pattern.

A. C. M. Asoy.

## Proposal à la Mode

**B**ENEATH the lamplight's amber shade

(A sight that made me glow)  
Your hands with cunning plied a craft

That I will never know.

The sweet brown flakes were deftly spread

In pearly paper mould;  
With magic grace each curving half  
Was caught above the fold;

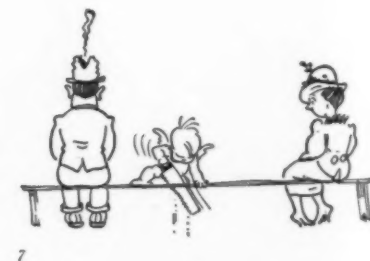
The flying fingers tip to tip  
With charming swiftness whirled,  
Till pressed about its fragrant heart  
The sheath was firmly curled.

In graceful gesture to your lips  
You swung the cone of cream,  
A pink flash slipped along the edge  
And closed the happy seam.

So when you laid it in my hand  
It seemed a call, a sign!  
Come live with me and be my love  
And roll your own—and mine!

John S. Phillips.

HAVE you noticed that when a man buys a ready-made suit he never asks his friends, "Who is your tailor?"



## Bryan Was Right

By Will Rogers

NOW there was a stretch of years in there after Prohibition where W. J. Bryan had nothing to talk on, (You take a Lecturer without a subject and he is sunk.) Until he conceived the idea of Evolution combined with Elocution, now W. J. must have got out and read some of his old Speeches made years ago, and decided that somebody ought to tell the People that we did not come from a Monkey, cause he was afraid somebody else might read some of them too, Now we didnt pay much attention to what he was talking on we just figured he had these dates all booked before and had to fill them, But darned if the events of the last few weeks havent proved W. J. was right at that, When people all over the Country in what we considered a fairly civilized Country started in seeing how long they could dance and more feeble minded ones watched them do it, I tell you it proved Bryans theory more than all the Cross of Gold or Thorn of Silver Oratory in the world.

\*\*\*

You never saw a Monkey dance all day in your life, not that they couldnt do it more gracefully than alleged Humans but they are too smart, Of course come to think of it in all this Evolution Controversy the Monkeys themselves have never claimed us, Now there is only two things that will make a Mother deny its off spring that is it aint hers, or she is ashamed to claim it,

The hardest part of this dancing is staying awake thats why its our modern Girls that are excelling at it they dont sleep any how,

This craze has done more to set Civilization back than Politics has, This generation will go down in history as proving that Women can Shoot straighter and dance longer than any previous Generation.

\*\*\*

For years they have been trying to find a substitute for Golf, Now they have it, This is just as exciting, no danger, proves nothing means nothing but still keeps you going, It has proven one thing just how quick a modern pair of Shoes will wear out if they are used, Now as a substitute for this dancing craze after they are all lodged safely in our Institutions, I propose a Saxophone playing Contest each entry to play untill he is thoroughly dead, the most beautiful death getting the prize, You dont know what a popular thing that would prove, everybody would enter their man.

### Glory Be!

"My cousin is living in Ireland, and says he is delighted."

"Delighted at living in Ireland?"

"No! Delighted to be living!"



"Mummie, may I have your powder a minute?"

"Why, dear?"

"Those poor cows' noses are all shiny."





"Why did the boss fire you?"

"The usual thing. Both our breakfasts happened to disagree with us on the same morning."

### Hints on Matrimony

(As Gathered from the Drama)

GREEK DRAMA: Don't marry your mother. *Ædipus*.

ELIZABETHAN: Don't mix your colors. *Othello*.

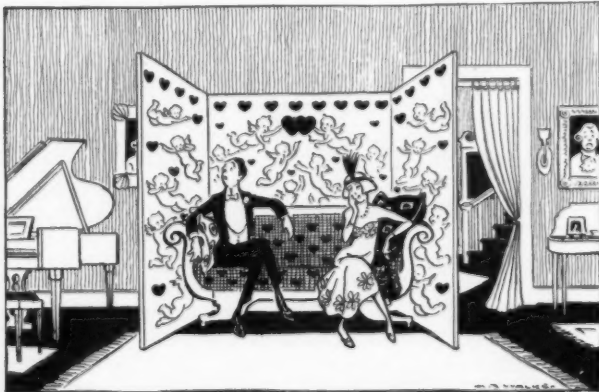
MODERN ENGLISH: Don't marry a woman with a past.

*Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

MODERN AMERICAN: Don't marry a woman with a future.

*Enter Madame.*

MODERN FRENCH: Don't marry!



### The Sentimental Screen

The power of suggestion is most helpful

### Neckwear

FIFTH AVENUE, haberdasher:

Art is the human expression of beauty, which, since time immemorial, painters, sculptors, poets, and musicians have striven to recreate.

And to these lustrous silks, richly radiant in their myriad hues, weavers of France, Italy, and Spain have lent their patience, skill, and love with the same deep devotion that moved and inspired the world's masters.

Scarves for men "in the know"

\$8.00—and more

BROADWAY clothing store:

The good looks of these new creations for Spring result from their distinctive up-to-the minute patterns; while their resistance to wear comes from sturdy construction and carefully woven fabric. Patterns to suit every preference—colors to please every taste.

Cravats for careful dressers

\$1.50 and up

NINTH AVENUE gents' outfitters:

Wear like iron. Hook on in a jiffy. Patent elastic fastener. Rust proof.

Red, blue, brown, gray, black, and mixed colors.

Gents' neckties

25c





### Their Wedding Trip

DESEMONA: Aren't you going to take me to the movies this evening, Othello, dear?

OTHELLO (*gloomily, reaching for the pillow*): No; s'mother time.

RUB: Did that noted criminal lawyer gain you an acquittal?

DUB: He not only did that, but he even convinced me that I am not guilty!

# Hymn of Hate

By Dorothy Parker



**I** HATE Wives;  
Too many people have them.

There are the Splendid Housekeepers;  
The Girls Who Shake a Mean Furnace.  
Give them a darning-egg, and a box of assorted  
hooks and eyes,  
And they wouldn't change places with Lady Mount-  
batten.

They keep you right on the edge of your chair  
With stories about the stoppage in the kitchen drain,  
And how impudent Delia was about those new  
aprons,

And how they have every reason to believe  
That the laundress is taking soap home to her folks.  
For comedy relief

They relate how they wise-cracked the butcher  
When he told them veal cutlets had gone up.  
Their books are their best friends;  
They love to browse in "Thirty Pretty Ways  
to Cook Cauliflower"  
Or "Two Hundred Daring Stitches in Filet  
Crochet."

They can't see why people should want to go  
out nights;

Their idea of whooping things up  
Is to sit by the sewing-table, and listen for  
Junior's croup.

They are always making second-hand puddings,  
Or seeing whether the blue vase doesn't look better on  
the piano

Than it did on the bookcase.

Oh, well,—

It keeps them out of the open air.

**T**HEN there are the Veteran Sirens;  
The Ones Who Are Wedded, but What of It?

They can take their husbands, or let them alone,—  
But not in the order named.

Any unmarried man above the age of Jackie Coogan  
They regard as All Theirs.

They are constantly helping to fix up bachelor apart-  
ments,

Or visiting the male sick, with jars of beef tea,  
Or picking out oddities in neckwear for their Boy Friends.  
If any man they know goes and gets married,  
They feel that they have grounds for a breach of promise  
suit.

They are always talking in low voices over the telephone,  
And carefully dropping letters out of their hand-bags,  
And going around full of smiling mystery  
About where they are having tea.

They say they wish to goodness

They could have a moment to themselves;

They'd give anything if some nice girl would come along  
And take some of their admirers off their hands,—  
Try and get them!

**T**HERE are the Drooping Lilies;  
The Girls Who Could Have Married That Man  
with All That Money.

They are always parking a secret sorrow,  
And you must guess what the unshed tears are all about.  
Their husbands may look normal in public,  
But they are Little Better than Animals in the home.  
You have no idea what they have to put up with,—  
Their husbands dance with Another Woman  
Twice in the same evening,

Or won't read anything but the newspapers,  
Or simply refuse to touch spinach in any form.  
If they could only bring themselves  
To write down what they have been through  
It would be the biggest day that Literature ever  
saw.

Everyone tells them they might have gone on  
the stage

And become the toast of the town,  
Or put the movies on a paying basis,  
Or sent the interior decorating business for  
a loop,—

And here they are,—yoked to a lot of Clods!

Things may look pretty black for them now,  
But some day,  
Some day they know that they will get their due,—  
I hope to God they will!



**A**ND then there are the Regular Little Pals;  
More Like Friends than Wives.

They go everywhere with their husbands  
Just to hold the franchise.

You find them up at the Polo Grounds  
Asking which is the Yankee eleven;  
Or on the golf links

Making a fifth in a Sunday morning foursome;  
Or lending a feminine touch to a poker game,—

Going ahead on the idea that a straight is better than a  
flush.

They are a big help in their husbands' business affairs;  
They are always dropping in  
at the office

For little surprise visits.  
They smile happily at you  
And ask you what their hus-  
bands would ever do  
without them,—

I'll give you three guesses!

*I hate Wives;*

*Too many people have them.*



### The Birth of Trouble

EVER held forth the apple.

"Oh, come now, Adam," she purred, with a touch of petulance, "don't be so stubborn. Eat the old apple, and be done with it."

"No," responded Adam, deliberately, "I won't eat it. I was told expressly to lay off the forbidden fruit on the Tree of Life, and I intend to obey that command. I'm a decent, law-abiding citizen, and I hold the Constitution as sacred. Besides," he added, "how do I know that it won't poison me? A man can't be too careful about what he eats nowadays."

At that particular moment the serpent, sly, clever fellow that he was, dropped an insignificant cinder into Eve's left eye.

Eve blinked.

Adam, noting the grimace, blinked in return—and ate the apple.

\*\*\*

Thus was the wink born; and thus, on its initial appearance, did it wield that limitless power which was to be its share through the centuries to come.

R. E. S.

THE explanation of this long-distance dancing craze probably lies in the fact that one step naturally leads to another.



The reason Fanny Flatfoot didn't find Reggie Ringnose waiting for her at the big oak.



A Corner in Wheat About to Be Broken by a Bearish Movement





Drawn by Rose O'Neill. ©

### Pantasy

Somewhere this side of a wise old moon  
Where the bracken waves its fans,  
Dancing away to the gay faun's tune  
Are three little pantless Pans.

This is the spell of their rhythmic rout,  
A spell which is broken never:  
"All lovers true who will spy us out  
Shall love forever and ever."

Thus in the rays of a friendly moon  
Do they further Cupid's plans,  
Dancing away to the old faun's tune,  
The three little pantless Pans.  
H. W. H.

### Heredity

SENATOR GOOPHUS' six-months-old son started howling at six o'clock in the morning. At ten P. M. he was still going strong. At midnight the storm subsided temporarily, but as the Senator and Mrs. Goophus tiptoed out of the nursery the howling broke out with re-

newed vigor. It continued more or less violently until six o'clock the following morning, when Goophus, Jr., fell asleep.

Blear-eyed and haggard the Senator turned to his wife. "Maria," he said proudly, "our son's future is assured. He is going to be a United States Senator. He has just conducted his first successful filibuster."

### Life Lines

A THOUGHT for summer—  
Blessed are the one-piece makers.

┐

Science has discovered a substitute for ether. It is expected to revolutionize the bootlegging industry.

┐

Suggestion for revised German national anthem: "Deutschland Uber Alles Where Art Thou?"

┐

There were 35,333 automobiles lost in 1922, most of them answering to the name of Lizzie.

┐

Motorists in touch with the situation declare that the number of pedestrians is increasing by leaps and bounds.

┐

Letter carriers have been ordered to learn first-aid treatment. Now all those emergency pamphlets will be retitled, "What to Do Till the Postman Arrives."

┐

"Look what the wild-cat dragged in!" exclaimed the office janitor as he tackled a ton of Texas oil literature.

┐

If Omar Khayyam were to ask now for a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou!—he'd get the jug.



Wives of Famous Men

Mrs. Columbus does wish that Chris would stop practising that egg trick.





"Ye say ye lost yer powder-puff, miss? Jest a minute and I'll fix ye up with a new one."

### Twin Bed-time Stories First Appearance of the Green-Eyed Monster

**SCENE:** Bedroom of the Newleights. From Twin Bed No. 1 come sounds of soft sobbing. Benedict is sleeping in the other.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (her tears just beginning to get under way with a good head of steam): Mmpf—mmpf—

BENEDICT (wearily opening his eyes): Leila, I'll have to see the janitor in the morning about that radiator. It's making an awfully queer squeaking noise.

MRS. NEWLEIGH (her sorrow becoming intolerable under this latest burden): Oh! Oh! Here I am crying because my heart is breaking and you pretend to think it's the radiator. I believe you'd laugh if I were dying.

BENEDICT (consolingly): No, honey! I'd wait until you were dead at any rate. (Mrs. Newleigh's sobs become more violent.) I was only kidding, dear. What's the trouble, anyway?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Oh, oh, the way you were talking with Mrs. Thomas at the reception today. Y-ou don't love me any more. Y-you're in love with her. You never talk to your wife like that.

BENEDICT (bewildered): Either you're crazy or I am. I don't even know who it is you're talking about.

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Don't try to lie to me, Benedict. You know perfectly well whom I mean—that slender, vampy-looking woman with the slinky black hat.

BENEDICT (searching his memory): Slinky black hat—slinky black hat—Oh, yes, I do remember talking to someone who answered that general description, but—

MRS. NEWLEIGH (bitterly): Oh! you admit it at last, do you? I thought she hadn't passed completely out of your mind after the animated way you were talking to her.

BENEDICT (mysteriously): Do you know what we were talking about?

MRS. NEWLEIGH (the worst can be no blow to her): I can guess. Oh—

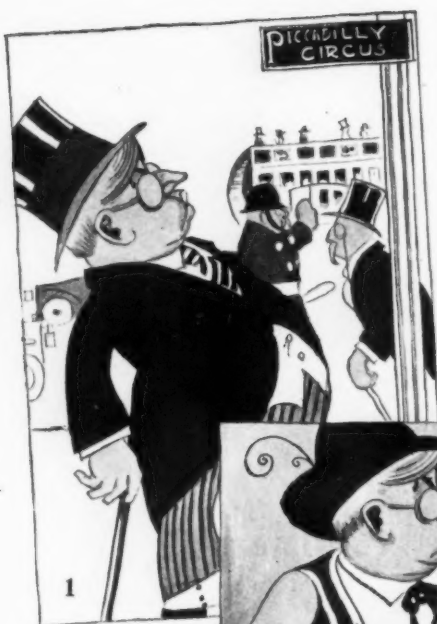
BENEDICT: Fiddlesticks! We were carrying on an argument about Mah Jongg, and I can assure you it'll mean nothing in my life whether I ever see her again or not.

(Continued on page 32)



"It's got my penny."

A Collection  
of Post-Cards  
from the  
Distinguished  
Senator from  
California



ROBERT  
JAMES  
CALDWELL

1. What a silly place to have a circus.
2. I am rather bored with Paris. The climate cannot compare with that of California.
3. A bond of fellowship developed between myself and another true isolationist which I found in the Alps.
4. Germany is depressing. Their frankfurters are neither so delicate nor so tasty as the native California fruit.
5. This unique postcard was taken in the Plaza of St. Mark's. The sunshine here, while better than that of London, would not be tolerated in California.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**May 3rd** All a-twitter at the beginning of this day over nothing at all but gladness to be alive, so much so that, had anybody asked me, I could have gone for a walk along the Palisades, a thing which hitherto hath been my idea of the utmost in folly. Lord! I do hope that as I grow older I become not silly, wearing gay ribbons in my hair and giggling unduly. Overcome, too, with a great desire to spend money, so out and through the town to lower Madison Avenue, where is a shop with rose diamond earrings that shame the Ponte Vecchio. And I did buy myself a handsome pair, and at a far larger outlay than I had intended, but I have discovered that a merchant's price is seldom my own and have learned to bow to the inevitable. Resolved, too, that Sam, poor wretch, shall give them to me for my birthday, which is now near,

if he do not remember having already given me a lorgnette and a sable skin against the same anniversary. And so home to write him to that effect, he being out of town on legal business, according to his account, but in reality to play golf.

**May 4th** Off this afternoon for Farmington, to visit the Winchell Smiths, and my Emilie was somewhat abashed when she discovered that the tickets read for Berlin, but I told her it was pronounced differently in New England, which comforted her a little. And all the way up in the train I did mark the scornful glances with which railway travelers regard one another, and even caught myself thinking that all the others on board were less than the dust. And though I blush for such Pharisaical psychology, I am sure there was no—  
(Continued on page 31)



### Motivation

**Miss Forme:** Will this bathing suit shrink?

**Clerk:** Positively not.

**Miss Forme:** Show me a cheaper brand.



### Indistinct Photographs Solicited

Amateur photographers having in their possession imperfect plates marred by light spots, drops of water, teeth marks or thumb prints, are courteously requested to submit same to Sir A. C. D. Times Box 114, for inspection and possible exhibition. Interested in anything.

### Boxiana Decadence

**MANAGER OF YOUNG GOLIATH** (*sadly*): The kid ain't himself an' that's the truth. I dunno what to make of him, fallin' off like that when he's pretty near got the champeen. He's got me worried. He's goin' straight to the dogs, that's what.

**PROMOTER:** Why, what's he doing?

**MANAGER:** I dunno what he's doing, but he ain't himself, that's sure. Why, only the other day I see him comin' out of a li-bury.

### The Celebrity

**ANNOUNCER** (*at fight club*): Interducin', ladeez an' gentlemine, premier pugilistic product uv Passaic; pop'lar an' sensational lightweight, game an' aggressive boxer who stands before th' fans as one uv th' greatest th' ring has ever purduced an' considered in all circles a comin' champeen, whose fame has spread from Coast to Coast—(*sotto voce to the corner of him in question*)—say, what's his name?

J. K. M.





MAY 10th, 1923

Vol. 81. 2114

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
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 598 Madison Avenue, New York



**F**OR most people the interesting thing about the Turkish grant to

Admiral Chester is not the prospect that the United States will gain admission to another important oil field or that some Americans will make some money perhaps in building railroads in Turkey. Those are both legitimate interests and our State Department seems to recognize them as such, but, so far as Americans go, they are particular interests and not general ones. We have not yet got the habit of going far away from our own country to do business and make money except indeed by trade, and that is natural, for we have had all the developing we wanted to do at home. What really interests people in general about the Chester grant is that it looks like another string to lead us into the society of nations. It does not make for isolation to be spending a lot of money in Turkey and getting oil out of the ground there, while active rival interests take notice and compete. The proposed investment seems likely to require diplomatic supervision and, at times, protection. The State Department does not seem to mind that aspect of it. It is for the open door in Turkey as elsewhere, and would have Americans trade, build and sink wells anywhere they can, like other people.

The papers do not tell of large sums of money being in sight as yet to support the Chester grant, and probably there will not be such sums produced unless expenditures in Turkey seem safe as well as profitable. That makes one think of the

League of Nations in spite of President Harding's reiterated warning that we can never join it except over the beaten body of the Republican party. But it does not seem to make Admiral Chester think well of it for he speaks of the League as a concern in which the British have six votes and nobody else more than one. As a veteran naval officer he is excusable if he prefers navies to leagues, but if, as appears, the Turks are playing politics with him, his sphere of influence will need some substantial guardian.



**T**HE application of Ireland to be admitted to the League is very interesting. Our friends who are worried because Great Britain, as they say, has six votes in the League's Assembly now point out that Ireland's admission would mean seven votes, whereat one may doubtless smile without offence. But Ireland's application is very significant and a very good sign both for Ireland and for the League. It implies that Ireland is taking stronger hold on national existence, and that the League impresses her present managers as something with important potentialities for safeguarding the weaker nations. Both the Chester grant and Ireland's application favor the idea that there is a growing conception in the human mind that the earth is one place, in which all the inhabitants ought to work together in harmony. That is the coming idea. It does not come with a rush, but it does seem to move.

The President's disposition to get into the World Court is just another sign of the movement of

this idea that the earth is one place. The anxieties of the Republican Irreconcilables over it find plenty of voice, but Mr. Harding when once he gets an idea is a fairly obstinate man. Undoubtedly he wants world peace and he thinks that for us to join the World Court would be a step towards it. If as President he thinks it important that his party should add to what it has done to promote world peace before it offers candidates again to the voters, a large majority of the rank and file of his party probably agree with him.



**D**R. FRANK CRANE deprecates the changed employment of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who in late years, he says, "has turned from good story writing to poor spook hunting." Dr. Crane seems not to be in sympathy with the spook hunting and to think that the story writing was more important.

Maybe so; maybe not! Conan Doyle might have written stories to the end of his time, and made a living at it, and not affected the world in any important particular. But in his spook hunting he is after much bigger game than that, being just now the most conspicuous publicity agent of the spiritists.

The things he discusses are not the most interesting things that the spiritists are working at, but he stands for belief in matters of arresting importance, and he gives expression to it. That is where he is valuable. Dr. Crane may scoff at him. Dr. Crane is a useful man himself but not so useful as Dr. Doyle is if what Doyle says is true.

E. S. Martin.





If Pandora Persists



CLARENCE  
EDSWORTH

In the Great Open Spaces



Open Spaces Where Men Are Men





### Flourish Without

THE latest movement to establish a national theatre for the edification of the American public suffered a set-back when, along about eleven o'clock, it was discovered that a representative gathering of the American public was asleep. The blame lies partly on the shoulders of the (quiet, please!) American National Theatre, but chiefly on the shoulders of that good American, William Shakespeare, who wrote a very tedious comedy called "As You Like It."



WELL, they did everything for "As You Like It" that usually has to be done for Shakespearean comedy to make it even resemble an honest-to-God play. They had off-stage music to break up the long speeches; they had on-stage singing by the Forest of Arden *Männerchor*, making "Under the Greenwood Tree" into one of the world's worst songs; the actors, in order to make their lines sound less like Friday afternoon recitations, flung their arms about each other's shoulders, slapped each other's backs, ran to the curtains and looked out as if they were expecting the postman, and laughed loudly at the tiniest pleasantries of their equally amiable friends; they staged a good wrestling bout, into which everyone entered with admirable spirit, as it was the only natural thing they had to do; Ernest Lawford, that excellent actor, had to debase himself and his art by playing *Touchstone* as *Touchstone* always has to be played if it is to have any life at all, namely by bounding, grimacing, waving the forefinger and making comical faces to bolster up the flat lines; in short, it was a typical Shakespearean comedy performance.

We have no desire to flaunt a juvenile iconoclasm or to shock our former English teachers in this constant railing at Shakespearean comedy. "As You Like It" is a very dull, uninspired piece of dramatic garden-truck, and you know it.



WE were almost ready, however, to agree to stay awake during the first act owing to the vitality and freshness thrown into the part of *Orlando* by Ian Keith. He buckled under the strain later in the performance, but for the first half-hour we were willing to admit that

we were wrong in remembering the play as tiresome. A. E. Anson as *Jaqes* also helped a great deal to ward off the sand-man.

There was always something to stay awake for when Marjorie Rambeau and Margalo Gillmore were on the stage. Shakespeare had nothing to do with our interest in them, however. The stimulation was entirely visual. Miss Rambeau at times was an excellent *Rosalind*. At times also she thought that she was back in "The Goldfish." You can hardly blame her, perhaps, for injecting comedy methods from "The Goldfish" into the rôle. An actress has to do something in a part like that. Still, it did seem perhaps a bit too modern for her to hum a snatch of "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!" during one of her waits. Not that a nice, catchy rendition of "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!" wouldn't have toned up the performance, but if they were going in for that sort of thing, they should have begun at the beginning and engaged Ed. Wynn to stand at the corner of the stage and make running comments on the show.



AND so the great movement to give the American nation a living theatre has begun. A good sleep is the net result. At that, a good sleep may be what the American nation needs.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and Roland Young make their entrances into "The Devil's Disciple" simultaneously in the third act. Up to that point the play has been an interesting piece of "bad-man" drama, with a first act similar to that of "Icebound" (not implying at all that Owen Davis has read Shaw), and in general such a story of the American Revolution as any good craftsman might turn out, with Basil Sydney and Lotus Robb playing the leading rôles also in a craftsmanlike manner. In fact, if you were to guess that it was one of Shaw's earlier plays you wouldn't be far from right.

Then *General Burgoyne* enters in the quiet, stooping person of Mr. Young. And with him comes a scene such as the author of "Back to Methuselah" might be proud of to-day. We don't know how much Mr. Young looks like General Burgoyne, but the General would have done well to look like Mr. Young if he was anything like Shaw's character. If you can't give a whole evening to "The Devil's Disciple," drop in for the last act.

Robert C. Benchley.

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# Confidential Guide

BOX OFFICE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Adding Machine.** Comedy.—The life and death of a book-keeper impressively set down in highly modern fashion.

**The Apache.** Punch and Judy.—To be reviewed later.

**The Cat and the Canary.** National.—Assorted thrills.

**The Fool.** Times Square.—Religion made easy and dramatic for beginners.

**If Winter Comes.** Gaiety.—The novel stripped of its more distinguished qualities and made into a regular theatrical product, with Cyril Maude and a good company to act in it.

**The Last Warning.** Klaw.—Melodrama which extends its cold hand from the back wall of the theatre to the exits.

**Morphia.** Eltinge.—One of the evils of the drug traffic: the dope-fiend rôle. Lowell Sherman does everything with it that can be done.

**Peer Gynt.** Shubert.—Joseph Schildkraut in Ibsen's sporadically dramatic poem-drama.

**Rain.** Maxine Elliott's.—A bitter play for which the word "punch" was invented, with Jeanne Eagels proving her ability to deliver it.

**Romeo and Juliet.** Henry Miller's.—Jane Cowl well on into her second hundred performances of Juliet, and deserving a couple of hundred more.

**Seventh Heaven.** Booth.—A very tinny play, containing a Big Scene for Helen Menken.

**Uptown West.** Bijou.—To be reviewed later.

**The Wasp.** Selwyn.—So bad that it makes good entertainment.

**Whispering Wires.** Broadhurst.—The play which opened the season with a tip on how to kill your telephone acquaintances.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Republic.—Showing that there is an audience for everything.

**As You Like It.** Forty-Fourth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

**Barnum Was Right.** George M. Cohan's.—Partly funny farce.

**The Comedian.** Belasco.—Lionel Atwill in a stacy play of the stage.

**The Devil's Disciple.** Garrick.—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Enchanted Cottage.** Ritz.—For those who like tender fancy, no matter how it is served.

**Give and Take.** Forty-Ninth St.—The "Abie's Irish Rose" of the economic drama.

**Icebound.** Sam H. Harris.—Well-acted New England play, involving the well-known will.

**The Laughing Lady.** Longacre.—Ethel Barrymore sweeping through a drawing-room of the 1890's.

**The Love Habit.** Princess.—French farce in its pristine state.

**Mary the 3rd.** Thirty-Ninth St.—Mild rebellion against marriage conventions.

**Merton of the Movies.** Cort.—Glenn Hunter as the tremendously appealing hero who didn't know that he was funny.

**The Mountebank.** Lyceum.—To be reviewed later.

**My Aunt from Ypsilanti.** Earl Carroll.—To be reviewed later.

**The Old Soak.** Plymouth.—Good staple fodder, with occasional splashes of ambrosia from Don Marquis's column.

**Papa Joe.** Lyric.—Evidently you can't keep a bad play down.

**Polly Preferred.** Little.—The movies again dragged out for a little playful kidding.

**Pride.** Morosco.—To be reviewed later.

**Secrets.** Fulton.—Harmless sentiment and noisy shooting with Margaret Lawrence to distinguish it from others of its kind.

**So This Is London!** Hudson.—Showing up the Americans and English as equally unpleasant.

**Sylvia.** Provincetown.—To be reviewed next week.

**You and I.** Belmont.—Very gentlemanly and very clever.

**Zander the Great.** Empire.—Alice Brady using an Arizona bootlegging comedy as a stepping-stone toward her inevitable triumph.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Caroline.** Ambassador.—Perhaps the music will repay you for your time.

**Cinders.** Dresden.—Nice but hardly stimulating.

**The Clinging Vine.** Knickerbocker.—Peggy Wood and a good all-round show as such shows go.

**Elsie.** Vanderbilt.—Not unless you have seen everything else.

**The Gingham Girl.** Central.—Not bad.

**Go-Go.** Daly's.—Has what you Americans call "pep."

**How Come?** Apollo.—Negro show which doesn't do anything to better the record of its predecessors.

**Jack and Jill.** Globe.—We haven't seen it since Lew Fields joined the cast, and, much as we like Lew Fields, we doubt if we could sit through it again.

**Lady Butterflies.** Astor.—A lot of only fair material.

**Little Nellie Kelly.** Liberty.—Some of the fastest dancing in town.

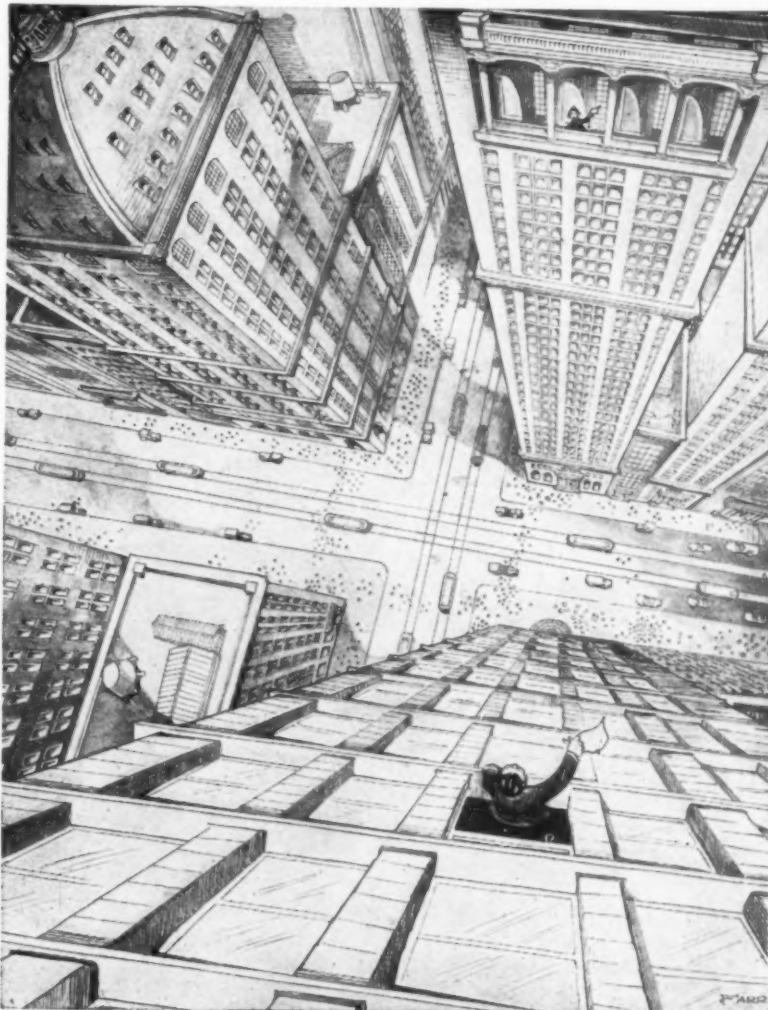
**Music Box Revue.** Music Box.—A big show, including several big laughs from Bobby Clark.

**Sally, Irene and Mary.** Century.—No one can deny that it is popular.

**Up She Goes.** Playhouse.—Just a good show.

**Wildflower.** Casino.—The best score in town, according to our way of listening.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** New Amsterdam.—Almost a year old.



Sweethearts



Skippy — No. 8

"Hey, Ma! Is it all right for me to start that clean towel you put in the bathroom?"

## LIFE'S Picture Title Contest—\$1000 in Prizes

For the best title to this picture, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize .....	\$500
Second Prize .....	\$300
Third Prize .....	\$150
Fourth Prize .....	\$50

The Contest will be governed by the following

### CONDITIONS.

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture on the right.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office at noon on Tuesday, June 12th.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author. They should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may



This Picture Has No Title

send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's staff, of course, are not permitted to compete.

All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten (or very plainly written), using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Answers which do not conform to these requirements will not be considered in the Contest.

### The Way of All Flesh

"ARE you still writing those articles for that business magazine, telling how to make more money?"

"No, I'm now writing articles for a syndicate attacking modern materialism and advocating higher ideals than that of mere wealth."

"But I thought you were so fond of your other job!"

"I was, but there's more money in this one."



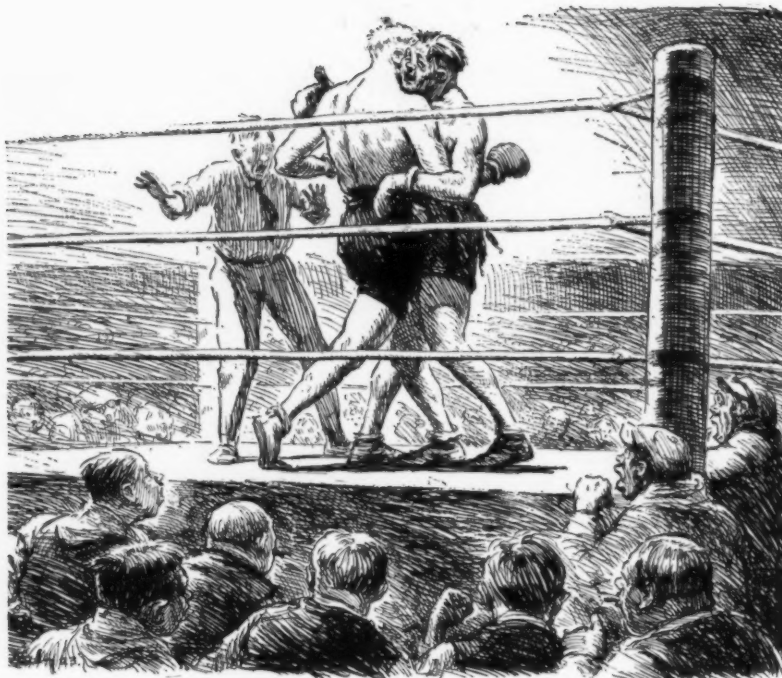
"Hank Pringles' wife sed she'd let him smoke in the house providin' he'd blow the smoke up the chimney. After Hank hed bumped his head 'bout 'leven times an' singed off most of his whiskers an' broke his specs an' burned holes in his pants he allowed smokin' was a bad habit anyhow an' he reckoned he'd give it up."

A. B. Frost.

An Idealist is a man who goes to sleep on a park bench because he likes to sleep out in the open air.

A Practical Idealist is a man who goes to sleep on a park bench because he has no other place to go.





*First Fan:* Ataboy—Mike—put 'im to sleep.  
*Second Fan:* Don't you worry, fella—he's just tellin' 'im his bedtime story.

### Over the Teacups

"No, I haven't been feeling at all well lately."

"But, my dear, you're looking perfectly splendid!"

"I know, but it takes all my strength to keep up appearances."

### Progress

"How is Smith coming along with that country place?"

"Well, he has reached the point where he is almost ready to let the architect see the plans he himself has drawn."



*Sally:* Oh, look at ye gettin' yerself all dirty an' sticky! But it's all right, I'll probably wash ye to-morrer.

### For the Birthday of a Middle-Aged Child

I'M sorry you are wiser,  
 I'm sorry you are taller;  
 I liked you better foolish  
 And I liked you better smaller.  
 I'm sorry you have learning  
 And I hope you won't display it:  
 (But since this is your birthday  
 I suppose I mustn't say it.)

I liked you with your hair cut  
 Like a mediæval page's,  
 And I hate to see your eyes change  
 From a seraph's to a sage's.  
 You are not half so beautiful  
 Since middle-age befell you:  
 (But since this is your birthday  
 I suppose I mustn't tell you.)

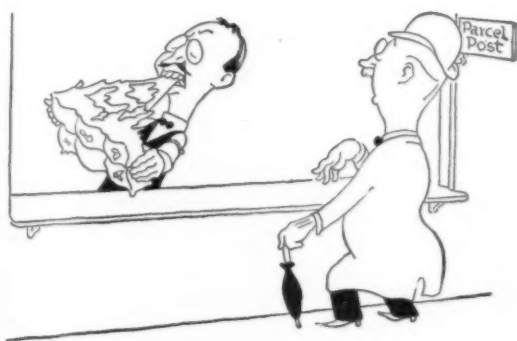
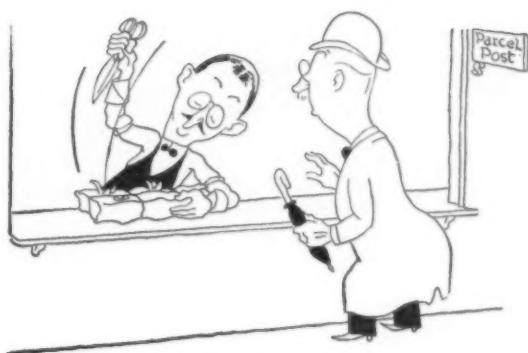
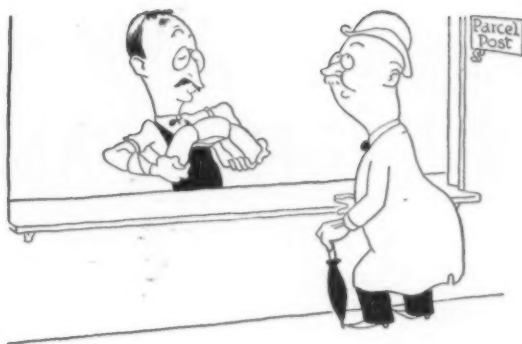
*Aline Kilmer.*

### On the Shoe Shelf

"—Just unlaced and flung on the shelf—after tramping over those terrible links most of the afternoon! No trees for us! Just because we work so hard we're supposed to be self-supporting—and they call us *Sports*—"

"Oh, hold your tongues, Brogues! We've a lot more to complain of than you. *You* don't know what it is to be danced in for hours—round and round on a hard, slippery floor. And who wouldn't rather tramp than be trampled on? Why, last night a pair of our partners—great clumsy patent leather pumps—kept stepping on us till we were nearly ruined. And it's no light work having to balance a hundred and thirty pounds or so on our slender delicate heels. Besides, she *will* wear us too tight. Trees aren't any help—they just keep up the strain—we never get a chance to relax. Those gray *Suèdes*, now, with the steel buckles—they have an easy time—never going out except to luncheons and bridges and teas and things where it's all sitting down—. Yes, those black Colonials have just arrived—the last word in style—; but for all they look so dull and conservative, I shouldn't be surprised if they turned out regular vamps.

"Here she comes with the silver-cloth polish—that means we're going out again to-night. Oh dear, our feet will hurt us worse than ever after wearing Brogues all day! What's that? Twist one of our ankles? Our Louis Quinzes ought to do it easily—it's only a flat heel that has no turning." *Jennie Betts Hartswick.*



GUYAS  
WILLIAMS



I thought so!  
Insecurely  
wrapped!

Postal Service

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Bella Donna"

WHEN Pola Negri came to Hollywood, the directors, camera-men, continuity writers and efficiency experts at the Lasky studio evidently put their official heads together and reasoned thus:

"She's a vampire—therefore we've got to get a Type 488 Series B plot for her (something about the desert and tropical love and a Sheik). She's also a famous emotional actress; so the main thing to do is to make her emote."

Having accomplished this bit of acrobatic thought, they proceeded to resolve it into 7903 feet of perforated celluloid. With the result that "Bella Donna" is less interesting, less inspired and less vital than most of the German films in which Pola Negri appeared.

The magnetic Pola remains at a high degree of tension throughout the story, with no opportunity for relaxation. There is none of the verve, the vivacity, the spontaneous energy which enlivened her performances in "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." She is represented as an arena in which all the sterner emotions are permitted to run wild.

This is obviously the fault of George Fitzmaurice, who directed "Bella Donna." He evidently didn't know how to control the future Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, or else he tried to control her too much. At any rate, he has made her seem monotonous—an achievement which we believed beyond the powers of any director on earth.

## "Daddy"

SPEAKING as one who has remained haughtily frigid while thousands of old movie mothers have shed millions of glycerine tears, while hundreds of wide-

eyed tots have crooned over thousands of fuzzy bunnies, and while millions of wandering boys and wayward girls have struggled homeward through millions of thunder storms, I am hesitant about announcing publicly the fact that I always cry at a Jackie Coogan picture.

Perhaps this is due to a reprehensibly sentimental nature; or perhaps it is just the external evidence of the streak of humanity which exists even in the granite soul of a critic. Nevertheless, there it is.

Jackie's latest production, "Daddy," is full of tricks which, under other circumstances, I should be delighted to classify as "Hokum." No such easy solution is open to me in this case, however. When, as he was leaving the old homestead to venture forth into the world, Jackie laid a single rose on his mother's grave, I choked. When he returned in time to rescue his

grandparents from the poorhouse, I pretended to wipe a particle of dust from my eye.

It was unseemly conduct, of course, and regrettably unsophisticated. But it can't be remedied—until Jackie Coogan grows up and learns to be a ham actor.

## "The Bright Shawl"

T IRED, no doubt, of pictures which permit him to wear only the raggedest of clothes, Richard Barthelmess may have selected Joseph Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl" because it would give him an opportunity to dress himself up.

In this respect, "The Bright Shawl" is thoroughly efficient. Nevertheless, after seeing Mr. Barthelmess in the stiff attire of 1850, I confess that I prefer the torn shirt, the knee pants and the bare feet of "Tol'able David." Mr. Barthelmess is not a romantic actor, and "The Bright Shawl" is not good material for him. It is a superficial story, lacking the elemental strength of "Broken Blossoms" or "Fury," and valuable solely as a historical document.

The petite Dorothy Gish appears as a vivid, cruel, passionate Spanish dancer and makes a heroic attempt to refrain from being cute. But she, like Mr. Barthelmess himself, is miscast; and her efforts to overcome this obstacle are hopeless from the start.

John Robertson has made some beautiful scenes for "The Bright Shawl," both in Havana and in his studio, and has managed to maintain a high degree of pictorial excellence. Thus, the film is beautiful to look at, even if the drama is extremely hard to swallow.

Robert E. Sherwood.  
(Recent Developments will be found on page 29)



## A Toast

At the Annual Banquet of the Alimony Alumni  
"The ladies—God dress 'em."





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### The New Word

You can't beat the flapper for coining new words and expressions. Two young girls were aboard a Waikiki car. One had on a new dress, the design of which might or might not have been semi-Egyptian. She was explaining to her friend that it was the latest style. "Quite tootankish, I'll say," her friend remarked.

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

### A Run on the Bank

"Well, Dad, I just ran up to say hello."

"Too late, Son: your mother ran up to say goodbye and got all the change."

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

### Demonstrated

"How do you do?" was a shoe dealer's greeting to a pair of bandits who walked into the store. They showed him how they do.—Detroit News.

"Has he taken up radio as a fad?"

"No, as a frenzy."

—Boston Transcript.



"What! You are planning to go to Vienna! But that will cost you a fortune."

"Oh, not so much. You see, I'll have my youth restored by Dr. Steinach and come back on a child's ticket."

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

### Redundance

The sister of one of my friends recently married a Bostonian.

"And where are you from, my dear?" asked an ancient dowager, surveying her through a lorgnette at the first function given for her in her husband's home town.

"From Texas and Missouri."

"Mercy! Is it necessary to mention both places?"

—Baird Leonard, in New York Morning Telegraph.

### The Evils of Heredity

The wife of the man who, in his youth, wrote jokes for a college humor magazine, was telling little Georgie a bed-time story.

"And then the little boy kissed the little girl. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"They had come to a tunnel."

—Kansas Agricultural Brown Bull.

### Quite Unthinkable

HE: I make ten thousand a year—though you probably would not think it to look at me.

SHE: No, and I wouldn't think it to hear you say it.—Nashville Tennessean.

ONE touch of murder makes the whole press Hearst.—New Republic.

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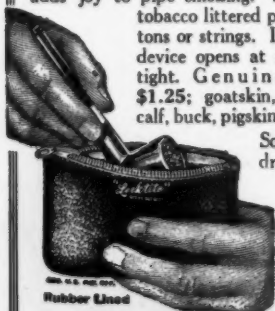
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### Lines from an Old Friend

I am known from the coast to the hintermost town,  
Every reader has heard of my fame;  
And the cause, may I say, of my far-flung renown  
Is my highly susceptible name.

When I walk in the halls of the Rotary Club  
Comes a hush in the noise and the prattle,  
As I'm greeted aloud by some memory dub

As Sims,  
A. Sims,  
Mr. Addison Sims—  
of Seattle.

My business is lumber, you've known that for years,  
You also have learned beyond doubt  
That I swung a big deal, though it never appears  
What the much discussed deal was about.

When out-of-town guests come and give us a talk,  
Introductions may cause some to rattle;  
But there's one who'll address me with never a balk

As Sims,  
A. Sims,  
Mr. Addison Sims—  
of Seattle.

My friends, if your memory tricks you at times,

If you stammer and murmur and grope;  
If you cannot remember names, faces, or rhymes,

Lend an ear to my message of hope:  
Just study the course when spare time will allow,

One week and you've won half the battle;  
All facts you'll recall, as you recollect now

Me, Sims,  
A. Sims,  
Mr. Addison Sims—  
of Seattle.  
—Cornell Widow.

### "It Doesn't Mean Anything"

Mrs. Wordey visited the Bronx Zoo and a keeper, with much awe in his voice, informed her that the turtle at which she was gazing was three hundred years old.

"I suppose that's awfully old," she responded, "but it looks just like a big rock anyway, so what difference does it make?"—*New York Telegraph.*

### Hypercritical

"Your husband has been ill? Is his condition critical?" asked the vicar, who was paying his monthly call.

"It's worse than critical," replied the worried-looking woman; "it's abusive."  
—D. A. C. News.

THE YOUNG WIFE: The new nurse is very scientific. She never lets anyone kiss the baby while she is around.

THE HUSBAND: Who would?  
And the next day the nurse left.  
—Princeton Tiger.

## Hair Stays Combed, Glossy

"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair  
Combed—Well-Groomed



Millions Use It—Fine for Hair  
—Not Sticky, Greasy or Smelly

A few cents buys jar of "Hair-Groom" at any drugstore, which makes even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stay combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in business and on social occasions.

Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can possibly tell you used it.



**Your Finest Vacation**  
PREPARE now for the finest vacation you ever had. Make it possible with the WATERFORD, a complete motor boat that you can pull up on the beach—drive in shallow water—over submerged logs or rocks in absolute safety. A regular family boat—moderately priced—that you will want at your cottage this summer.

Write for illustrated booklet "1500 Miles in Canadian Wilds" and descriptive folder.  
DISAPPEARING PROPELLER BOAT CORPORATION  
322 Robinson St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

**WATERFORD**  
The Disappearing Propeller Boat

## THE SILENT DRAMA

### Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 24)

**Souls for Sale.** *Goldwyn.*—Rupert Hughes paints a weird picture of Hollywood which will satisfy the demands of the most discriminating morons.

**The Nth Commandment.** *Paramount.*—A Fannie Hurst story of New York life which is twisted, in typical movie manner, into propaganda for the Golden State of California.

**Where the Pavement Ends.** *Metro.*—Another addition to the Brighter South Sea Islands publicity campaign, directed by Rex Ingram and acted by Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry. It is beautiful to behold, but slow-moving.

**Safety Last.** *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd in a melodramatic comedy which tickles the ribs and dislocates the vertebrae at one and the same time.

**Grumpy.** *Paramount.*—A crook play, in which the seemingly useless old grandfather does all the thinking. It gives Theodore Roberts an admirable opportunity to show how good he is.

**Suzanna.** *First National.*—Mabel Normand is delightful in a hackneyed story of California under Spanish rule.

**The Covered Wagon.** *Paramount.*—Everything that a great motion picture should be.

**Jazzmania.** *Metro.*—Mae Murray vibrates so vehemently that she shook this reviewer right out of the theatre.

**Enemies of Women.** *Cosmopolitan.*—A tremendous conglomeration of various box-office effects which will entertain but not convince.

**Brass.** *Warner.*—The story of a young husband who tries unsuccessfully to love, honor and obey his mother-in-law. It is realistic, sincere and thoroughly interesting.

**The Pilgrim.** *First National.*—Charlie Chaplin, from his position on the heights, continues to laugh at the insignificant intellectuals who persist in "discovering" him.

**Down to the Sea in Ships.** *Hodkinson.*—A stirring tale of the days when men were men and whales were whales, with backgrounds in old New Bedford and on the Atlantic Ocean.

**Bell-Boy 13.** *First National.*—A small-time farce, distinguished by the excellent humor of Douglas MacLean.

**The Tiger's Claw.** *Paramount.*—Jack Holt is messed up by a tiger, an Indian half-caste girl and a gang of religious fanatics, but he emerges triumphant, unscathed and smiling.

**For Review Next Week—"The Famous Mrs. Fair."**



"You have no children, I grant you, but tell me this—did your father have any?"  
—Le Rire (Paris).



## The Only TRAVELERS' CHEQUES Authorized for Acceptance By The U. S. Government In Payment of Customs Duties

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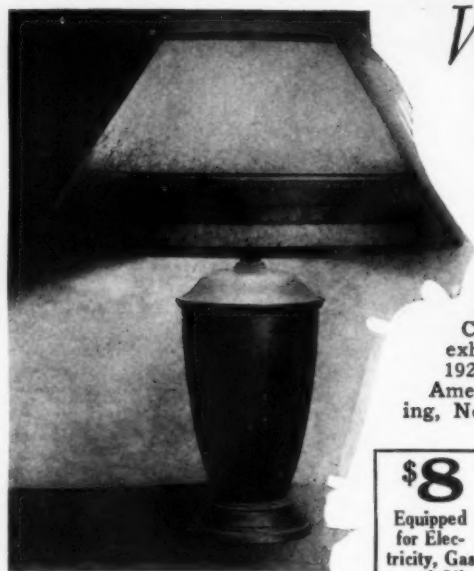
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## Winner of the Blue Ribbon

Of all the 307 lamp designs by 250 artists from all parts of the United States and Canada submitted for the Lamp exhibition held March 12 to 24, 1923, by the Art Alliance of America, at the Art Center Building, New York, this by Miss Mary Bishop of Montreal, Que., was awarded the Blue Ribbon of the Show and \$600 in cash prizes, by a jury composed of eleven eminent sculptors, painters, decorators, craftsmen and critics for its beautiful simplicity and practical utility.

**\$8**

Equipped for Electricity, Gas and Oil

### And This, An Art Jury's Choice, Can Now Be Your Own

This is the lamp exact replicas of which, produced with the enthusiastic collaboration of Miss Bishop herself, the Decorative Arts League now offers to its members and patrons, equipped for either Electricity, Gas or Oil. And the price, made possible only by the League's plan of direct co-operation between artist and public, is to be only \$8—no more than the cost of a common store-lamp. Let us send it to you on approval and see for yourself. The base is cast in Medallium, of rich statuary bronze finish, which not only

allows the artist's delicately refined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved, but also insures their permanency. The shade is in tones of old gold parchment—chosen by Miss Bishop to carry out her scheme of color harmony—with light and dark brown stripes towards the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass. The whole lamp stands 16½ inches high to top of shade. Send the coupon today and let this prize-winning lamp be sent for your approval.

Decorative Arts League, L. F. May 10  
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Send me on approval a Bishop Lamp, 1923 Blue Ribbon Winner. Just as a deposit of good faith I will pay postman on delivery \$3 plus postage. In five days I will either return the lamp when you will refund my deposit in full, or will send you \$5, making \$8 in all.  
(If cash in full is sent with coupon, or if lamp is sent C. O. D. full price, 10% discount allowed.)

Electricity ☐ Gas ☐ Oil ☐  
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**The well informed man** knows that Nature put acids and salts in fruits for use as a tonic.

Take a tip from animal intuition and keep YOUR system physically fit with the rich juice of the loganberry—

**PHEZ**

—no more and no less than the pure juice of berries grown large and luscious in the Valleys of Oregon.

Dilute it with water for a refreshing drink that is concentrated goodness for the happiness of health. Or add a few more fruit juices and delight the family with PHEZ punch—health and delight in every drop.

### Auto Tours in Europe

Private Parties of 2 or 4 personally escorted and driven by Members of CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. Selected Routes to suit individual requirements. Luxurious Private Cars. Inclusive Rates. Please apply for Booklet early in season.  
D. Gunston, 15, Station Rd. Cambridge, England.

### Not Particular

THE door closed on the last of a long line of impatient customers. With a tired sigh, the girl behind the counter turned to the confusion of pastries that must be rearranged for the next onslaught.

A fussy little man burst in at the door and bustled up to the counter.

"What kinds of pie have you?" he queried.

"Peach, apple, custard, lemon." She paused expectantly. No sound.

"Chocolate, banana, cream—"

"That all?" he asked testily.

"Sweet potato, mince, black—"

"Oh, give me any kind," he cut in.

"I'm not particular. Got peach?"

"Sure, mister."

"Give me apple!"

### Intoxication

Tea is just tea.

But when we drink together. . .

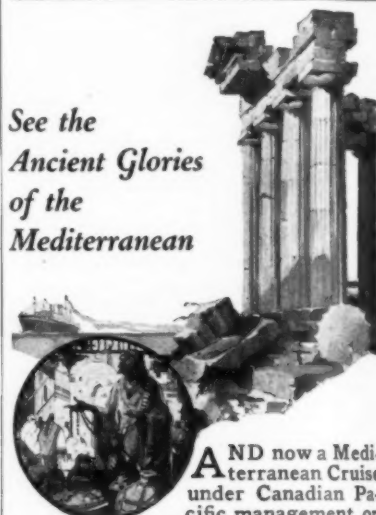
Do you know

Tea is intoxicating? B. S.

### Hosts

HOSTS who, enthusiastically, wallop me on the back; hosts who call me by the wrong name; hosts who have entirely run out of liquor; hosts who play practical jokes; hosts who would "give anything" to be "anywhere else"; hosts who grin and bear it; hosts who tell interminable "funny" stories; hosts who insist upon showing me all over the house; hosts who win my every sou at bridge; hosts who sneak up stairs and go to bed during the middle of the party. C. G. S.

### See the Ancient Glories of the Mediterranean



AND now a Mediterranean Cruise under Canadian Pacific management, on the magnificent *Empress of Scotland* (25,000 gross tons), sailing from New York, January 14, 1924. Everything Canadian Pacific standard—there is none better.

### Is Egypt Your Mecca

with its historic excavations? This cruise will give you 14 days in Palestine and Egypt at an exclusive rate. Fascinating shore excursions to different points from Mediterranean ports. All details looked after by competent representatives.

Ancient cities and ancient glories: Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem. Picturesque races and costumes; Algiers, Tunis and Cairo, aglow with the sunny charm of Africa, Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar. Gorgeous cross sections of the world we live in; Naples, Monaco, Lisbon. A touch of old English—Southampton and London—on the way home.

A wonderful winter vacation, this Canadian Pacific Mediterranean Cruise. And it costs no more to travel so than for accommodations at a first class hotel anchored to a city street. Fares \$800 up. Limit 600 passengers.

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MONTREAL, CAN.—141 St. James St.

Canadian Pacific Offices all over the World



## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 13)

body in the car to whom I should have relished an introduction. For which snobbery of soul may God forgive me, for it is highly probable that they felt the same about me, if they bothered to notice me at all. Found the country unbelievably beautiful, and Grace and Winchell glad to see me, and nobody but us three for dinner, which I was glad of. And every silver tray from which I lifted food did have writing on it, until finally my curiosity overcame me and I made the butler move the asparagus so that I could read the inscription, and it was a statement from the first company of "The Fortune Hunter" saying that Winchell was a fine man, which I already knew.

**May 5th** Lay late, and then ate a great breakfast, as I always do when away

from home, and Grace in to sit on the edge of my bed and talk of this and that, and when we mentioned the futility of seeing people off on boats and trains and the stilted conversation which prevails on such occasions, she did recount how John Golden, the theatrical manager, had once to accompany an English actor to the station and remarked, simply for something to say, that he was reading a book entitled, "The House of a Thousand Candles," and the actor had responded, "Yes, yes. That's a great many, isn't it?"

B. L.

## Romance

WE stood on the steps of our little cottage and looked out across the water, my god-like husband and I. It was our first day together.

A grayish mist blanketed the sleeping lake. Reluctantly, a drowsy breeze arose, whispered a low good-morning to the wind-browned leaves of an old oak, then wakened the lake into a thousand merry wavelets and sifted through the curling mist, now hurried, now loitered, to an early tryst with her sleeping lover,

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



**BELL-ANS**  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



## The initials of a friend

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies; and on lamps that light millions of homes.

They are on big motors that pull railway trains; and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy.

By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens from human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trademark. They are an emblem of service—the initials of a friend.

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

the sun. It seemed as if I had spent my whole life seeking this moment, this moment that meant—my hand sought that of my lover—surely more to him.

He spoke: "Say, Kid, when do we eat?"

So the breeze died, leaving only a scrubby oak, a dirty pond, and the cold rays of the rising sun.

\*\*\*

I sleep till ten now. He gets his own breakfast.

G. R. T.





“There goes McNaughton, he's so proud of his Nesser Bag that he won't even let a caddy carry it.”

**NESSER**

A bag that holds its shape—rugged sturdiness combined with the hall mark of good taste. Nesser Bags are made of the finest material—locked stitched—attractively designed and built by skilled craftsmen.

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**GOLF BAGS**

### An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

### A Tenement Secret

OUTSIDE my window, only three flights higher,

I see a chimney on a square of blue

Where dirty smoke from out the basement fire

Crawls up and slinks away the whole day through.

But when it's dark and all the court is sleeping

I watch from where I lie, and pretty soon,

Like golden fairies from the old chimney creeping,

The little stars climb out, and then the moon! Y. W. M.

CAREY PRINTING CO.  
NEW YORK BETHLEHEM

### Twin Bed-time Stories

(Continued from page 11)

MRS. NEWLEIGH: Mah Jongg? (Doubtfully.) Well—I—

BENEDICT: And she didn't know much more about what she was discussing than you do. (Raising his voice a trifle.) Leila, you have about as much grounds for jealousy as the man in the moon. I've got too much to think about in my business at present to be bothered by more than one woman—and you're the one!

MRS. NEWLEIGH (she is convinced at last against her will): Well—I—maybe I was wrong. (A long pause. Benedict almost gets to sleep again.) Oh, dear!

BENEDICT (rousing): Now what's the trouble?

MRS. NEWLEIGH: There's no romance at all in my life. Some women have such delightful times being jealous of their husbands. They're so uncertain. And you!—Really, Benedict, all you think about is business and your home!

T. H. L.

THE Chinese are the world's most honest race. Please notice where the Chinese fit when there's an international diplomatic conference on.



### Fame Attracts Fame

MORE visiting notables stop at The Waldorf-Astoria than at any other New York hotel. It is the one hotel that everyone knows and hopes some day to visit.

The Waldorf has earned this fame through thirty years of hotel perfection. There is beauty and spaciousness within its walls, generosity in its service, and distinction in its clientele.

Fifth Ave., 33rd & 34th Sts., New York

L. M. Boomer, President  
Roy Carruthers, Managing Director

The Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia and The New Willard in Washington, D. C.—under same management.

## The Goat Who Became an Angel

(A Fable)

ONCE there was a Goat who was tired of life.

"On Earth," he said, "I shall always be a Goat; only in Heaven can I find happiness, for there I shall be an Angel."

Fate decreed that his words should be overheard. A Young Dear caught them.

"My friend," said the Dear, who was not only young but beautiful, "my heart bleeds for you."

The Goat looked but he couldn't see her heart—almost, but not quite.

"Will you let me help you become an Angel?" said the Dear.

"How can you do that?" questioned the Goat, stroking his goatee doubtfully. He had learned to distrust offers of help.

"I have a show," gushed the Young Dear. "Put all your earthly possessions into it and you will become an Angel."

"And what will happen to you?" asked the Goat, who had also learned that no one gets something except for a great deal more.

"I shall become a Star," said the Young Dear. "And maybe," she added archly, "we can share a place in Heaven together."

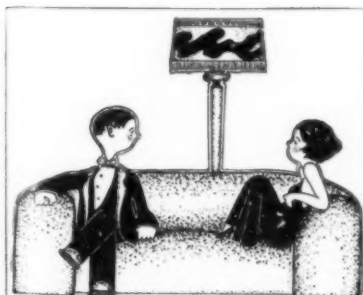
So the Goat put all his worldly possessions into the Young Dear's Show. In due time the Show went out on the Road—the Road to Heaven, the Young Dear called it, though the first stop was Pittsburgh. A week later the Goat received a letter. It was from the Young Dear.

"Dear Goat," it ran. "We've been knocked for a row of gools. The Show is a Flop. I'm going to marry a Coal Baron. He's an Elk. With Love."

The Goat didn't understand all the words but he gathered from the general tone that he was still a Goat.

Moral: Once a Goat always a Goat.

B. B.



"How did your dance come out, dear?"

"Oh, it was absolutely perfect. There were five men for each girl, two stags were trampled in the rush, and the only other good-looking girl there had hay fever."

—Princeton Tiger.



## You Must Fight

The film on teeth, or you may suffer

Under old brushing methods, few escaped tooth troubles. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

In fact, tooth troubles constantly increased—became alarming in extent. That's what led to this new method which has brought to millions a new dental era.

### Those dingy coats

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

### Almost universal

Film-coated teeth were almost universal. The ordinary tooth paste could not effectively combat film. So dental science set out to find effective film combatants.

Two methods were developed. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U. S.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent, which leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising now.

### Fights acids too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents. That was not done before.

### For beauty's sake

People who see the Pepsodent effects will always use it, if only for beauty's sake.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a delightful revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

**10 Day Tube Free** 1085

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 988, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.





## The greatest artists are Victor artists

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Flying Dutchman—A Ship		
the Restless Ocean Sweeps	74776	\$1.75
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The Dead City—Song of the Lute	66057	1.25
Tannhäuser—Elizabeth's Prayer	74760	1.75



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Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.  
**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey**